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When LOVE is LIFE

By
GEO. C. SIEMERS

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(PUBLISHER)

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"When Love is Life"

(TAKEN FROM AN OPERATIC MS.)

By

GEORGE C. SIEMERS

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TO THE READER

This book is a complex narrative, and should be read with much thought and study, in order to attain it's deeper points of interest.

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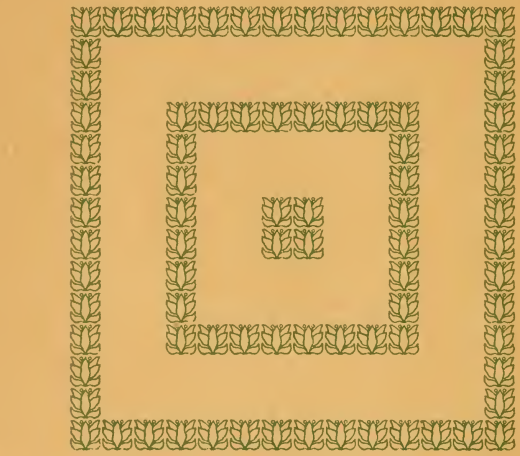
"When Love is Life"

PRELUDE

Though Love is Life, we cannot see
The depth of love, its mystery,
And yet we bid, "sad heart be free,
For love is life."

'Tis love alone, that can erase
The marks from every care-worn face;
And joy, in each sad heart replace,
For love is life.

In depths of love, no tongue can tell
Our feelings, when a last farewell
We speak, yet knowing all is well,
For love is life.



Is it such in this world of ours,
We reap what we have sown?
Or do some reap not half their share,
Others more than their own?

Most men of today do not look upon life as they really should. Some only see the bright side, the joys and pleasures, they overlook the serious parts, as though they do not believe life a reality but only a long dream. Others can only see the melancholy side and seem to think they must shed so many tears each day, spend a certain part of their time in bitter sorrow, agony, and loneliness, or they are not filling their place properly. If they could only realize that life is that privilege given to all natural beings, to learn to shape themselves so they may fit best in the mass of humanity and be in harmony with nature, they could easily see both the cheery, and serious, side.

Don't live all independent, men,
Look to the child each day;
Notice them play from morn till night,
Don't pass them on your way.
Who knows the tenderness and care
With which they've had to part?
Who knows their sorrows, or their pains?
Who knows their aching heart?

I was passing down a dusty road,
One sunny morn in June;
The flowers blooming everywhere,
And song birds all in tune;
I stopped in at a farmer's house,
To quench my morning's thirst,
And there I spied a weeping lad,
As though his heart had burst.

This boy was just a little fellow,
Aged, about five years,
His tiny hands up to his face,
All wet, with bitter tears.
With drooping head, all cuddled up,
He on the door step sat;
His childish, curly head was bare,
Beside him lay his hat.

Thus in the sun, beside the house,
He sat there all alone;
With specks of tears on his bare feet,
Which slowly rolled a stone.

His sobs, they were the only sounds,
Heard on this quiet spot;
His thoughts had carried him away,
He saw or heard me not.

I softly spoke; then in surprise,
He raised his face to see;
I questioned him. He in return,
Explained it all to me.
"Pa's in the field; ma, I don't know,
She isn't dead, they say,
If she had died, I wouldn't care,
But she just went away."

We may stop here and notice the life of a character at its various stages, and its changes under the influence of others.

Was the childhood of this man I call Mathew Burns, ever filled with sorrow?

This was not exactly the feeling and childhood life of Mathew Burns. Perhaps he had reason to feel more melancholy.

He was left when only a babe, to live with a wealthy family, Robert Gale, a mine owner.

Mathew's mother, a young lady never looking toward the true side of life became tired of the babe and left him on the door steps of the Gale home and went to live the high life of the city, never more thinking of her lonely babe.

His father, a drunken gambler, seemed to find contentment out in the world, where he would never more see the mother, or her child, thinking that life had greater pleasure in store for him than that duty of a husband and father.

Finding the babe one morning early, Mrs. Gale took it into her home and life as though it were her own, learning its mother's history by a note left in the basket with the babe, and gave him all the comfort a home could offer.

Mathew was as merry as all children, for some time.

Mem'ries often take me back, to dear old fashion ways,
I sit for hours, dreaming, of my childhood's happy days.
When I would wander out, and gather flowers by the stream.
When life was ever free from care and seemed as just a dream.
Oh childhood days, how sweet you were, oh, why not come once more,
Oh, why not be a barefoot boy, play marbles on the floor.
"But Mother Nature fashions all," is just what I was told,
"Each boy must grow to be a man, and some day shall be old."

The time came when Mathew was about twelve years old, and had learned his history by questioning, like all children would have, why his name was Burns, instead of Gale.

But soon those happy days of youth, were changed
and filled with care,
Until my weary head bent low, but rest was found
nowhere;
No more did happy song bird's notes bring gladness
to my ears,
But each sweet strain of music, seemed to bring more
bitter tears.

After Mrs. Gale had told him everything he seemed to feel more melancholy, and often sat with a bowed head and a heavy heart, thinking that his mother surely did not love him, or she would never have left him.

As the years rolled by, he thought more deeply than ever.

Oh memories of yesterday, why do you so expell
My visions of life's cheeriness, and bid my smiles
farewell?
Why do you cease to wander out, amid wild flowers
and stream?
Why do you bring the past as just a melancholy
dream?

He began to wish he could have remained a child too young to know all

this, but that did not seem to cheer him any.

Mathew was now a lad of about sixteen, and instead of living in Philadelphia, he had moved to Colorado Springs, where the fresh Rocky Mountain air seemed to swell him with new life. "Now, if I could only forget," he thought.

We go back and find his mother, no more the beautiful young lady, but age is marked on her face. She has wandered from place to place, for some time, wishing and longing to find some trace of her child.

She sat in her room thinking of nothing, but staring into a mirror for some time, then turned and while walking to the window overlooking the busy streets of the heart of Chicago, seemed to say to herself, "Oh, after all, life is nothing to

anyone, no one cares for me, or is glad to see me anymore."

She looked out of the window for a moment, then heard a strain of music, and listening closely, heard a voice singing:

Evening comes, the shadows fall,
Hiding the light of the day,
Bringing sweet dreams, and best of all,
Chasing all sorrow away.

She listened with more attention while the chorus went on.

Then why should tears be streaming,
When, 'neath the love light beaming,
Sad hearts are light, while dreaming,
Of Love's mystery?

Listening closely to the chorus she burst into tears, as if her heart ached bitterly, lisping "Oh, if I only would have loved my child; I do now, yes, I love him; I love him." She fell across the bed and wept bitterly.

We now go back to the father of Mathew, and find him at the point of death, crying for mercy. His agony seemed to express all his past life and now there, in a pit of misery, cried out, "Oh, if I had only loved her as I should have. Why must I endure all this now? I have been free so long, why must I suffer now? Why must I be tortured by those awful thoughts which once seemed sweet to me? Oh God, give me one more chance," then quietly wept.

A few years have passed, Mathew is now a young man, and taking interest in his business, tries to forget his past and melancholy dreams by looking more lightly on the object of life.

Will the song birds cease to sing,
When you're called?
Ne'er again be on the wing,
When you're called?
Will the grasses cease to grow,
Will the winds forget to blow,
And the streamlets cease to flow,
When you're called?

Will there be no more tomorrow,
When you're called?
And life's joys all turn to sorrow,
When you're called?
Will God's universe retire,
Flowers change to thorn and brier,
And life's weary way lift higher,
When you're called?

No, the song birds will not rest,
When you're called;
Their gay notes shall thrill our breast,
Though you're called;

When the night has passed away,
There will dawn another day,
Still each one will go his way,
Though you're called.

Folks will soon forget you're gone,
When you're called;
Joys and sorrows will roll on,
Though you're called;
While you sleep beneath the sod,
Men o'er life's dense field shall trod,
To prove there is a living God,
Though you're called.

So look up to the pale blue sky,
When you're called;
May there be no tear-dimmed eye
When you're called;
When you reach the last long mile,
Light up with a happy smile,
And whisper, "Life was worth it's while,"
When you're called.

The last rays of sun had faded and the ghostly mountain peaks pointed up to the clear evening sky, haunting all the valley life. A faint breeze crept

through the pines, while the pale moon looked down with a smile.

Mathew sat out in the garden, beneath the trees, in sorrow. His thoughts had carried him away. In his hand he held a letter which he had read over and over, trying to think it was not really true, but each time it bore deeper into his heart, the words, "Forgive me if I have encouraged your affection, but do forget me, for I am leaving at once and think it is for the best, because I never did really love you."

Thus he sat dreaming of the many happy hours he had spent with his sweetheart, and now all air castles had fallen.

Only a dream, only a dream,
How could we ever part?
How could all sunshine turn to rain,
And each have a broken heart?

He looked up at the stars and tried to

forget, but was touched by a voice singing, at a distance.

How happy were those hours of love,
When we would watch the stars above;
Those dreams, that made my life so sweet,
When my eyes those of yours would meet.
All day, while birds sang in the tree,
Your sweet face seemed to smile on me;
But now, how strange it all has grown,
Your love has vanished, I'm alone.

And the chorus went on:

Oh! If I only knew
That those dear eyes of blue,
Could only catch my smiles again,
I would not think life was in vain.
But as the dew at break of day,
My tears fall on life's pathway,
My life will all a burden be
Unless you will return to me.

Mathew said to himself, "How true," then listened closely as it went on.

How lonely now my life does seem,
I sometimes think 'twas all a dream
That haunts me; and always in sight,
It robs me of my sleep at night.
You break my heart each day anew,

To let me see those eyes of blue;
Shall all my days be dark with rain?
Oh! Why not love me once again?

He now sat silently dreaming for a moment, then strolled up to the house and went into the library, but did not turn on the light. He seemed to be nearly exhausted, and sat down in the dark, resting his head on his hands, with his elbows on his knees.

He sat this way for some time in deep sorrow, then it seemed, he heard a voice.

To you, sad heart, with sorrow bent, expell that grief, and pain;
Do you not know tomorrow's sun shall drive away all rain?

Now he raised his head and asked, "Who is it speaking with such a comforting tongue?" and in answer came, "I am the optimistic voice of conscience. I have come to soothe your feelings, look around and read."

Mathew looked around and saw in large script:

God's universe will not retire, or mourn when you are gone;
But men, like ocean billows, o'er life's trials shall roll on;
And at the end, like bubbles, each shall burst and fade away,
To prove that life is not a dream. Here dawns another day;
That you may launch your sturdy boat and swing the ruddy oar;
To journey down life's winding stream, and see the past no more.

He didn't have to read this many times to understand it, as Mathew was very bright, and as a college graduate understood his reading quite easily, and grasped its deeper meaning. He dwelt upon this thought for some time, then went to bed.

Mrs. Gale noticed the strange action of the young man, for she understood as a mother does, every move, and every

expression. She sat talking to her husband, and trying, in some way, to figure a way of comforting him.

The next day he began to doubt whether or not there really was any love in this cold world. In a conversation, to Mrs. Gale he spoke, "She does not love me, and my mother does not love me. I'm almost exhausted, my love's purse is almost empty. I have loved, loved, loved, always, everyone and everything, and in return, have not received enough to hold on. I must stop," he said.

And now, to see the other side, this is a grand old life,
It's pleasant, although ever filled, with many a toil and strife;
But man can never be content, and always wants to roam,
Unless, with true companionship, he finds a home, sweet home.

Mathew had laid plans to go to New York, but shortly before train time he received a wire, asking him to go to Denver on business.

This suited him also, for why should he care where he went, just so he went somewhere to try to forget his sorrow.

Mathew did go to Denver and when he returned was surprised to find a rather elderly lady there at the Gale home.

While he was gone, Mr. Gale found this lady seated at his gate one evening. She seemed to be weary and bent with sorrow, touched by the memories of a

piece she had often heard.

Silvery moon may leave the skies,
And though the stars may be gone,
Morn's golden sun shall soon arise,
Life's joy and sorrow, roll on.

Then why should tears be streaming,
When 'neath the love light beaming,
Sad hearts are light, while dreaming,
Of love's mystery.

As he drew near, she moved, as if going to leave. He noticed her strangeness, and without much questioning, she began to tell him everything, but before she had only commenced, she fainted. He picked her up and took her into his house and after an inquiry was unable to discover just who she was.

Several days had passed and the old lady had again regained her strength, but not yet strong enough to go.

She had several short visits with Mathew and seemed to be quite inter-

ested in his personality and character. She wondered if her son was anything like this man, but tried to keep her thought a secret and especially away from everyone except Mrs. Gale.

Away from her, Mathew often let his memory drift back and dwell upon his fancies of what the reality of his grave mystery may be.

"Love does not mean life only to the lover, but to the receiver of love."

It was at the close of another fair day. Mathew sat reading in the library, Mrs. Gale and the strange lady were seated in the garden, where they could view the huge, dull peaks of the Rockies, pointing up to the heavens, as if supporting the clear, blue sky, and standing firmly braced as if to keep watch while all the world slumbered.

After talking a few moments, Mrs.

Gale made a statement in regard to the discovery of the young man when only a babe, at her doorsteps. She said, "I have no children of my own but I think of Mathew as though he were mine."

The poor lady listened very closely to the brief story, then, too eager to hold her boy in her arms, leaped from her chair as if touched by some magic power, ran to the house and entered the library, crying, "My boy, my boy, oh yes, my boy." She threw her arms about him and clung to him with all her feeble strength, screaming, then fainted.

Mathew was somewhat shocked at this, but Mrs. Gale entering, explained, while the young man held the limp body close to him, mentally debating as to whether this was a reality or only a dream.

They placed his mother quietly to bed and watched o'er her all through the long, quiet night.

Morning's sun arose and looked down upon a face wrinkled with care, but with a fond look of contentment in the bright and happy eyes of a loving mother, now no more the careless and heartless young woman of the underworld.

This day was the happiest of all days to her, but to Mathew it still was clouded with one dark spot, yet he felt much happier than usual.

The day was almost gone. The sun was drawing near the mountain peaks and the soft mountain breeze of the evening was beginning to whisper in the pines, telling to the world that night was drawing near.

The young man watched the last rays of sun disappear, and in the purple and

gold of the west, seen through his tears, of joy and yet sorrow, a panorama of what used to be. "Is it possible, or is life only a dream?" he asked himself.

He tried to feel fully comfortable, but the thought that this was supposed and planned to be his wedding day, made it difficult for him to be happy.

For some time he strolled in the garden, as though moved by some force which had handicapped him and yet making him feel victorious. He turned and had started toward the house, when a car drove up. It was a messenger boy with a message.

Taking the message he eagerly broke the seal and read, "I can stand it no longer. I did not realize how I loved you until I tried to forget you. I am coming to you at once. Remember this is our

wedding day." It was signed Lillian Joslin.

He looked up and a second car had arrived. Nearing it, he was met by his sweetheart who ran to his arms. All was explained in one caress, and forgiven in another. While a voice at a distance sang:

Only a dream, only a dream;
How sweet it all has grown;
Now that we live as one again,
And vowed ne'er to live alone.

Those pleasing smiles I always see,
Those dreamy eyes, they look at me,
That throbbing breast, where once was pain,
Now heaves with joy and love, again.

After that happy day, Mathew looked up many times into the face of the sky, content that he had learned there was some love in the world for him.

Many were the days that left the bright sun shine down upon the happy hearts,

which were once bent under the dark cloud of sorrow.

Many were the evenings that let the pale, silvery moon smile down upon light hearts lying down to sweet dreams.

How sweet it is to have a pal, with whom you never part,
One whom you tell your troubles to, and whom you gave your heart;
How joyful. Then the years roll on as peaceful as a stream,
When you have learned that "Love is Life," and life is not a dream.

—Geo. C. Siemers.

"When Love is Life"

(PLOT POEM)

Mem'ries often take me back, to dear old fashion ways,
I sit for hours, dreaming, of my childhood's happy days.
When I would wander out, and gather flowers by the stream.
When life was ever free from care and seemed as just a dream.
Oh childhood days, how sweet you were, oh, why not come once more,
Oh, why not be a barefoot boy, play marbles on the floor.
"But Mother Nature fashions all," is just what I was told,
"Each boy must grow to be a man, and some day shall be old."

But soon those happy days of youth, were changed and filled with care,
Until my weary head bent low, but rest was found nowhere;
No more did happy song bird's notes bring gladness to my ears,
But each sweet strain of music, seemed to bring more bitter tears.

Oh memories of yesterday, why do you so expell
My visions of life's cheeriness, and bid my smiles farewell?
Why do you cease to wander out, amid wild flowers and stream?
Why do you bring the past as just a melancholy dream?

And then the voice of conscience spoke, "Sad heart expel that pain,
Do you not know tomorrow's sun shall drive away all rain?
God's universe will not retire, or mourn when you are gone,
But men, like ocean billows, o'er life's trials shall roll on;
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